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A STUDENT OF DRAWING

BY HENRI PÈNE DU BOIS.

With original illustrations by Alfred Paris.



A GREAT man of letters—William Dean Howells, to be precise—said to me, “The artist, the only person in the world who is in the right, is made by our social system the only person who is in the wrong.” He said it in his profoundly sympathetic, persuasive manner, and I, the veriest Philistine, had never thought that the artist was in the wrong !

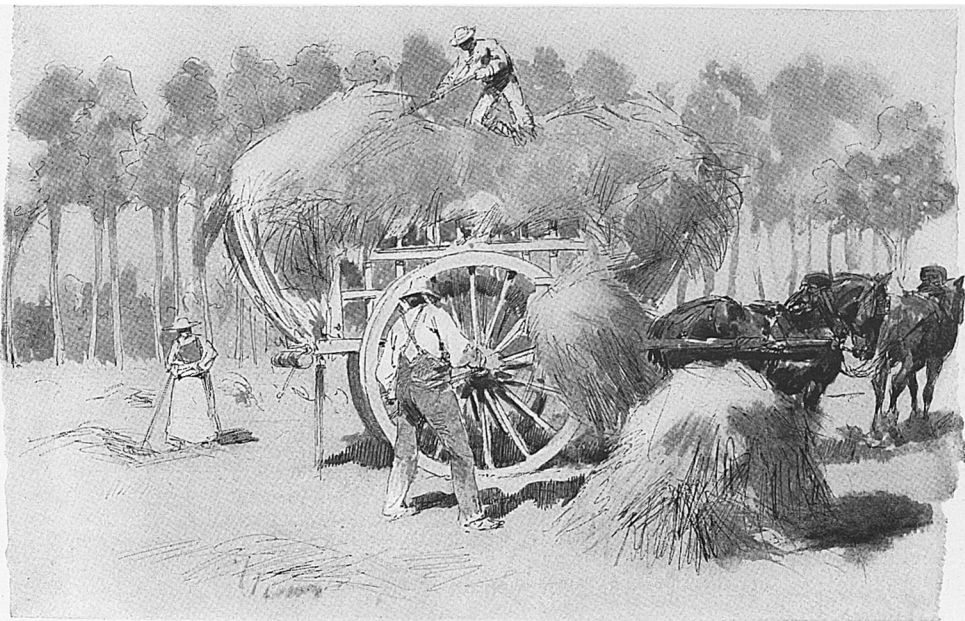
The artist lives in the midst of our civilization in a desert her-

metically closed to everybody, but pompous, charming, varied, strange, splendid and ever surprising, which he calls his studio. There, in a vast and silent solitude, where nothing recalls house-

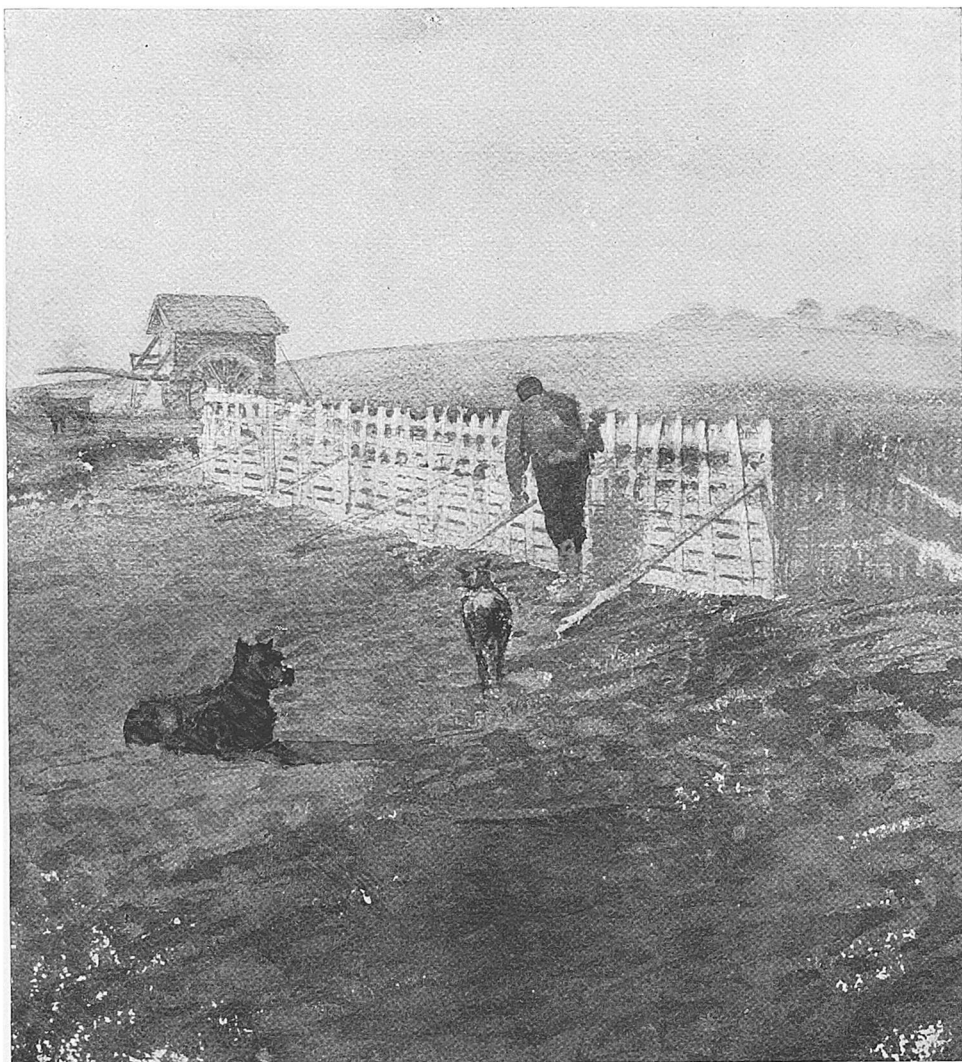
keeping, politics, visitors, sayers of nothings and vile preoccupations—everything—antique and sumptuous furniture, tapestries representing gods and heroes, Oriental stuffs the color of sulphur, of pale azure, of dolorous and



A TILLER OF THE SOIL.



THE LAST LOAD.

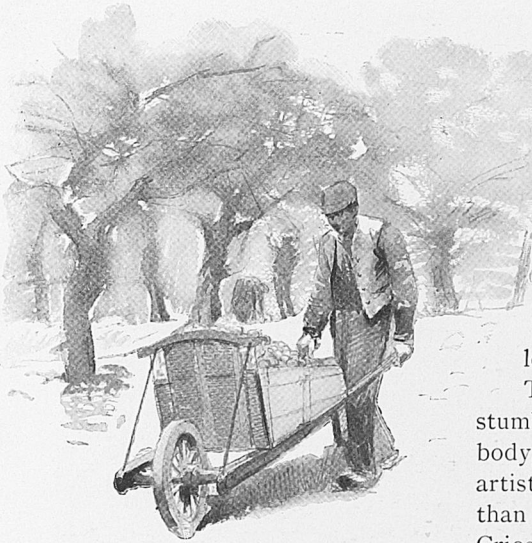


STRENGTHENING THE OUTPOSTS.

tender pink that gold and silver traverse like shivering rays, fine coats of mail, swords which were at Culloden, bows and arrows of monster-killers, musical instruments refined or barbarous, playthings of the eighteenth century, everything has the calm and triumphant seduction that the quality of complete uselessness gives to things.

It is there that one may and one must forget the abominable mechanism of utilitarian civilization, drink the nectar of dreams, careless as shepherds of Laconia listening to the murmurs of fountains in the shade of hedges of laurel-trees.

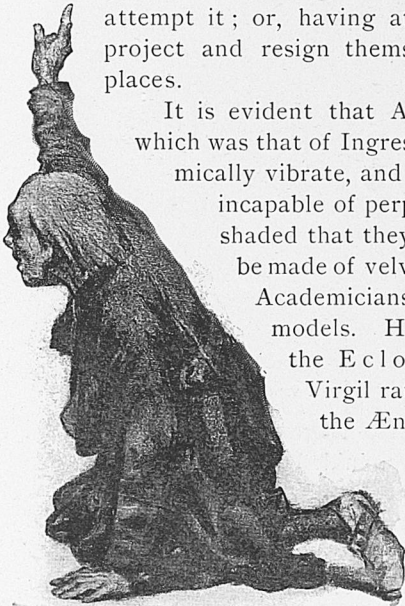
There is in the life of every artist, however, a symbolical aspect. Théodore de Banville relates that in a corridor which was dimly lighted by three gas-jets he saw Ingres seated near an open box which a sort of Hercules was engaged in filling with huge logs. In the box, which was empty and sonorous, the wood fell



FROM ORCHARD TO CIDER PRESS.

back by violence the sovereignty which others had usurped, but artists have a graver pretension. They propose to themselves the superhuman problem of *learning how to draw*.

To draw is to realize an impossible miracle. It is, with a line, purely chimerical, with traits that have neither form nor color, to represent forms, colors, movements, life, nature, and beings a prey to their appetites and to their passions. It is a marvel so difficult in itself that most artists never attempt it; or, having attempted it, abandon their project and resign themselves to amiable common-places.

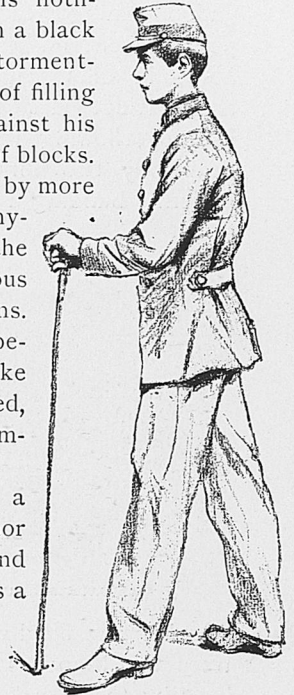


LE CURÉ DE BARSEILLES.

It is evident that Alfred Paris has not yet renounced the ambition which was that of Ingres. He knows that the slightest sketch must rhythmically vibrate, and have, like a poem, its special beauty. He is quite incapable of perpetrating the heads encircled with wire, so neatly shaded that they seem to be made of velvet, which Academicians give as models. He prefers the Eclogues of Virgil rather than the Æneid. Evidently, he went from the drawing-class into the fields. He

with the frightful tumult of an avalanche. Banville was, I think, in presence of a myth, for if the scene was perfectly real it was at the same time symbolical. None may deny seriously that for a man of genius life is nothing but waiting in a black corridor where a tormentor, under pretext of filling a bin, throws against his legs a great quantity of blocks.

The artist is hindered by more stumbling blocks than anybody, but the crime of the artist is much more serious than that of the Titans. Crios, Hyperion and Iapetus simply wished to take



A RAW RECRUIT.



BURNING THE BRUSH.

tramped over many leagues and when he saw a beautiful scene, without weariness, on any piece of paper that he found, he drew what he saw with the ardor, the ignorance and the marvellous instinct of genius.

There were : a cavalier on a horse at full gallop coming straightway toward him ; a peasant bent on a plough drawn by two horses in a landscape lined by trees blent in an indistinct mass of foliage ; a two-wheeled cart overflowing with its weight of hay, drawn by two horses in tandem ; a man patiently building a fence at twilight round

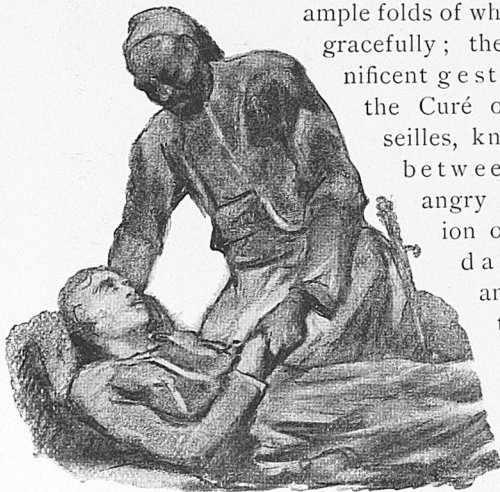
a sheepfold to be protected against the wolves in the night, and two dogs



GATHERING UP THE BUNDLES.

wheelbarrow filled with fruit, away from trees the branches of which were still bent by their loads that a woman, bent toward the ground, picked up when they fell ; a young surveyor in his uniform, the

ample folds of which fell gracefully ; the magnificent gesture of the Curé of Barseilles, kneeling between the angry battalion of gendarmes



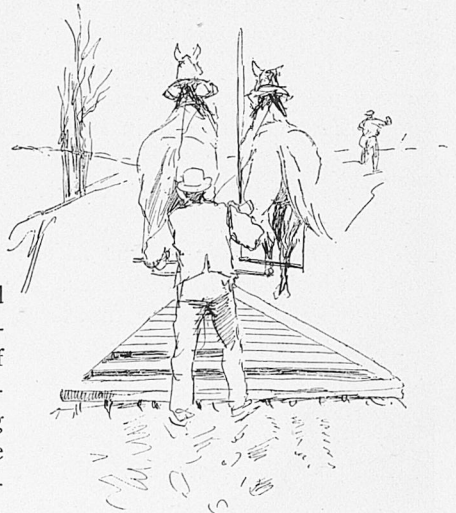
A FRIEND IN NEED.



DRYING THE HAY.

on guard—one a stolid sentinel, the other an interested spectator of the man's labor.

There were : a big Norman boy in wooden shoes rolling a

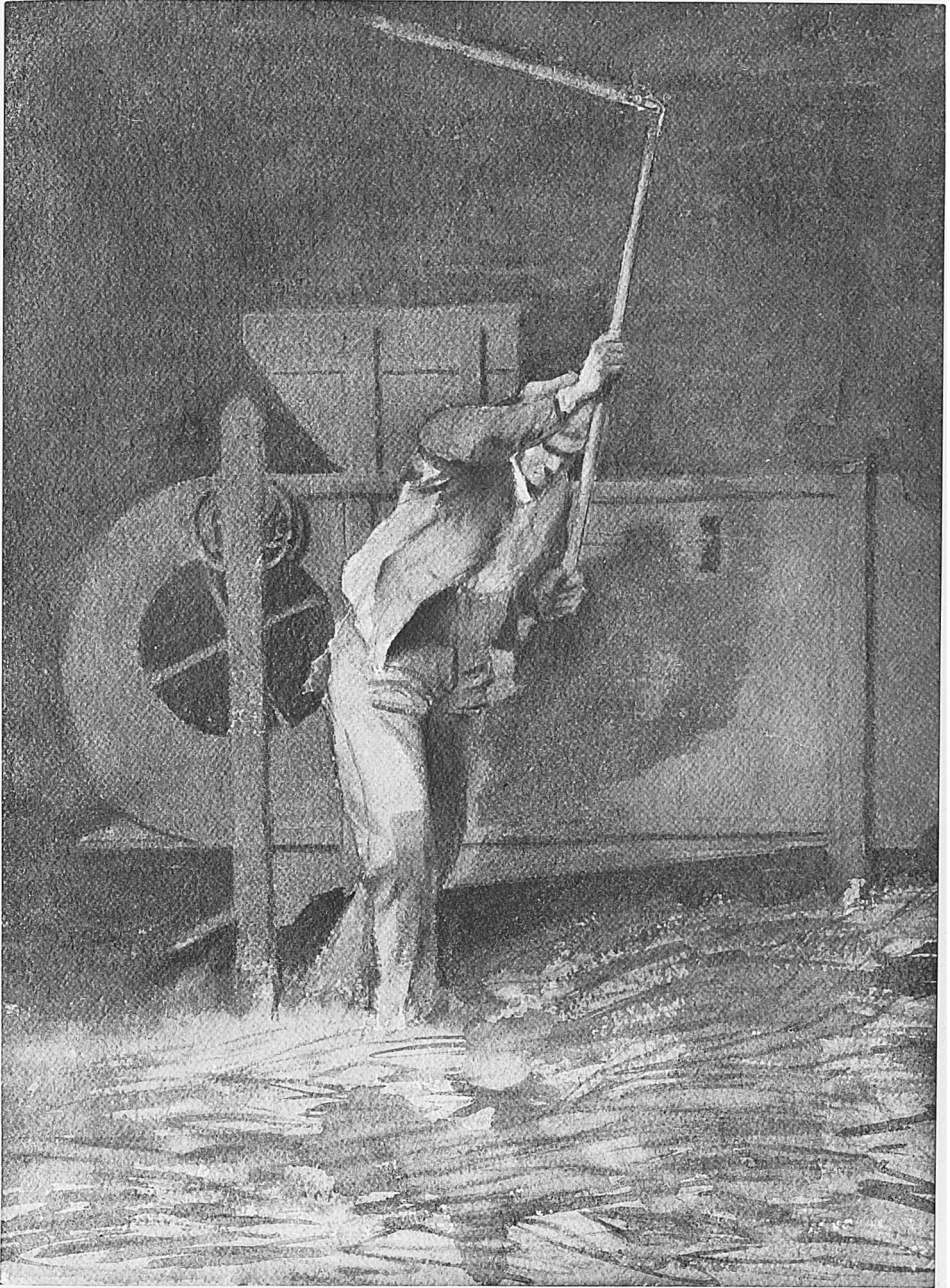


A STRONG TEAM.

and desperate workingmen on strike, pointing to heaven his wrinkled hand, firm as a steeple of granite.

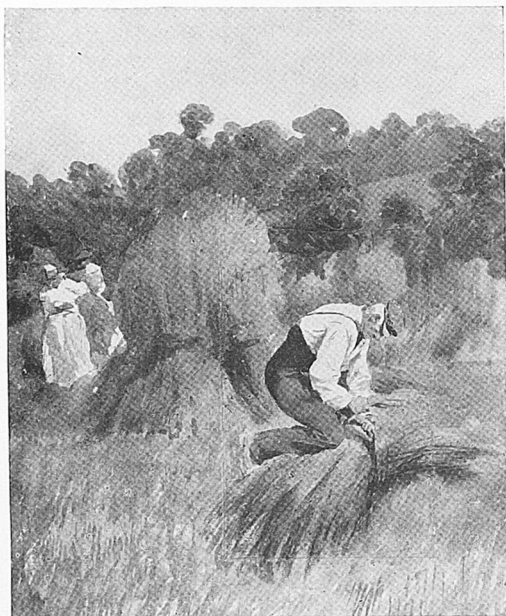
There were many more : some of them may be studied in the drawings herewith.

The artist immediately immobilized on paper movements, impressions, expressions of faces in sketches rapid as the flying in-



THE THRESHER.

stants. Then he trained himself to carry images in his brain, and to put them on paper at home. He questioned features of the passers-by and noted in his memory the tales that he had read in them. Then, when with his pencil he had reproduced the images of these passers-by, he questioned them in their turn, and if their tales



BINDING THE GRAIN.

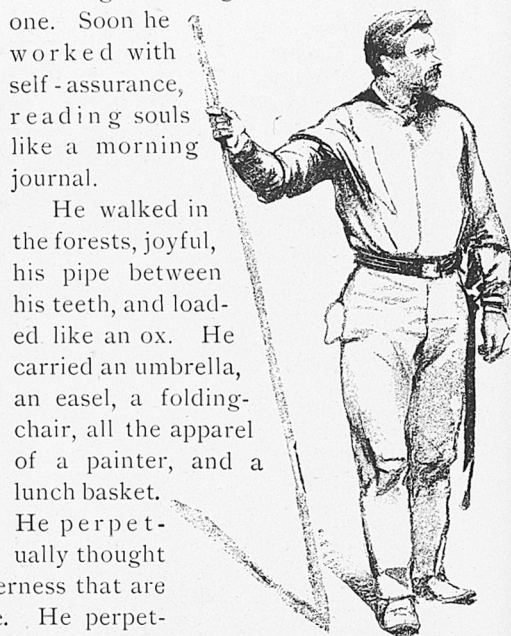
were not exactly similar to those he had heard in the first place, he tore his design and began a new one. Soon he worked with self-assurance, reading souls like a morning journal.

He walked in the forests, joyful, his pipe between his teeth, and loaded like an ox. He carried an umbrella, an easel, a folding-chair, all the apparel of a painter, and a lunch basket. He perpetually thought

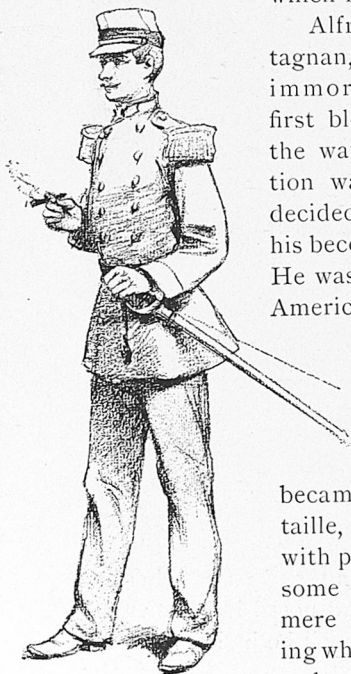
of the harshness, the ferocity and the tenderness that are required to obtain an impression of Nature. He perpetually said to himself that man is never pure enough, faithful enough, sincere enough to deserve the name of artist, which is grander than anything.

Alfred Paris was born in 1848 at Tarbes, the birthplace of d'Ar-tagnan, whom Dumas immortalized. The first block thrown in the way of his vocation was his father's decided objection to his becoming an artist. He was sent to South America, where he was a merchant for twenty-four years. He returned to Paris in 1885,

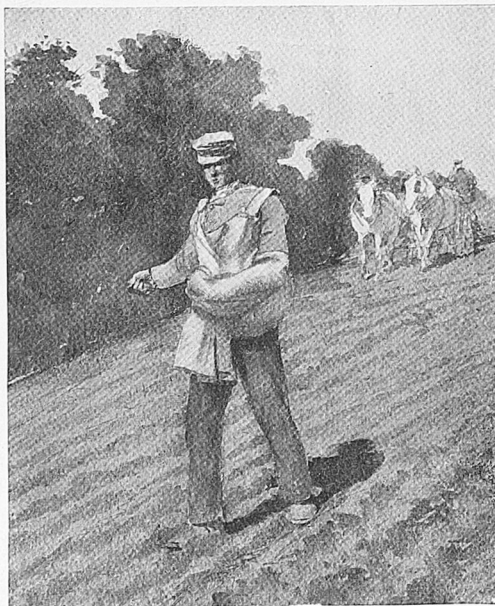
became a pupil of Detaille, and is blessed with poverty, a wholesome preventative of mere dreaming, lacking which one may never become an artist.



THE ARTILLERYMAN.



PROMOTED.



SOWING THE SEED.



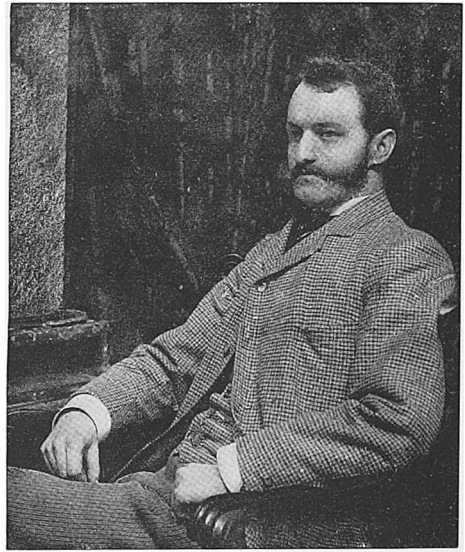
OSCAR R. COAST.



FREDERICK W. FREER.



CLEMENCE VAN DEN BROECK.



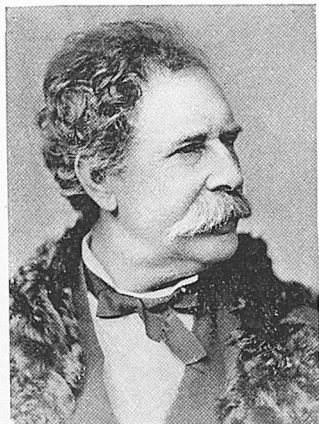
WILLIAM R. ALLAN.



MRS. E. M. SCOTT.



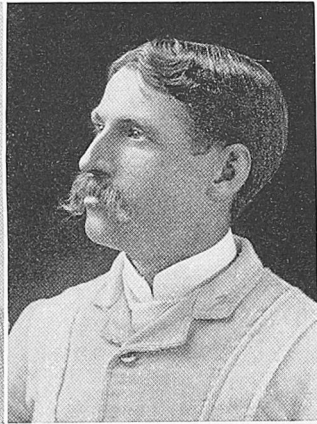
JEAN BERAUD.



WM. L. SONNTAG.



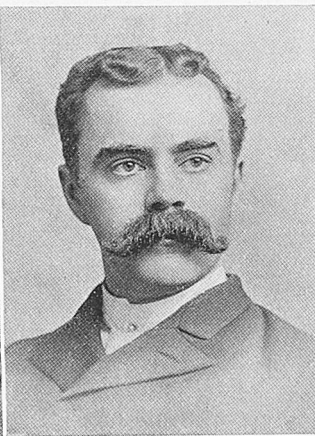
WALTER L. PALMER.



E. M. BICKNELL.



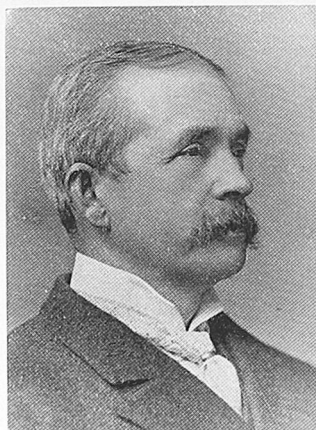
M. E. DIGNAM.



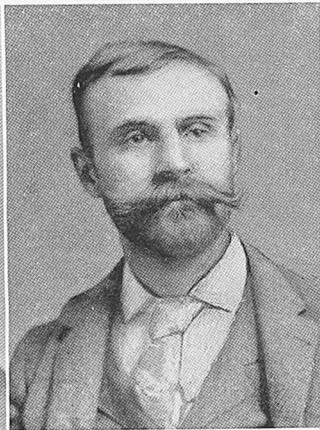
W. H. DRAKE.



C. MOORE SMITH.



G. H. BOUGHTON.



MAXIMILIAN COLIN.



DANIEL KOTZ.



R. M. SHURTLEFF.



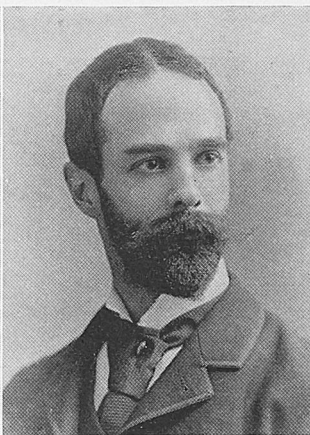
KATHERINE LANGDON CORSON.



CHARLES LANMAN.



MARY BERRI CHAPMAN.



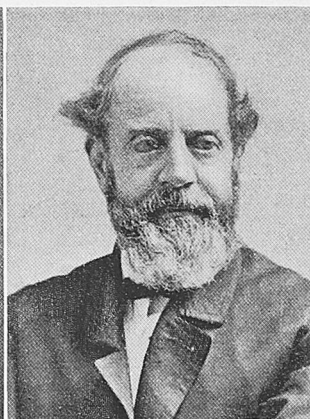
W. C. FITLER.



HENRY SANDHAM.



E. A. BELL.



THOMAS S. CUMMINGS.



E. W. KEMBLE.



HARRY FENN.



FLORENCE K. UPTON.



C. W. HUDSON.



PAUL DE LONGPRE.



CHARLES CALVERLY.



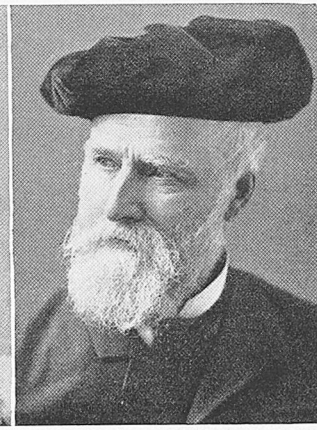
P. E. RUDELL.



IRVING R. WILES.



W. VERPLANCK BIRNEY.



THOMAS W. WOOD.